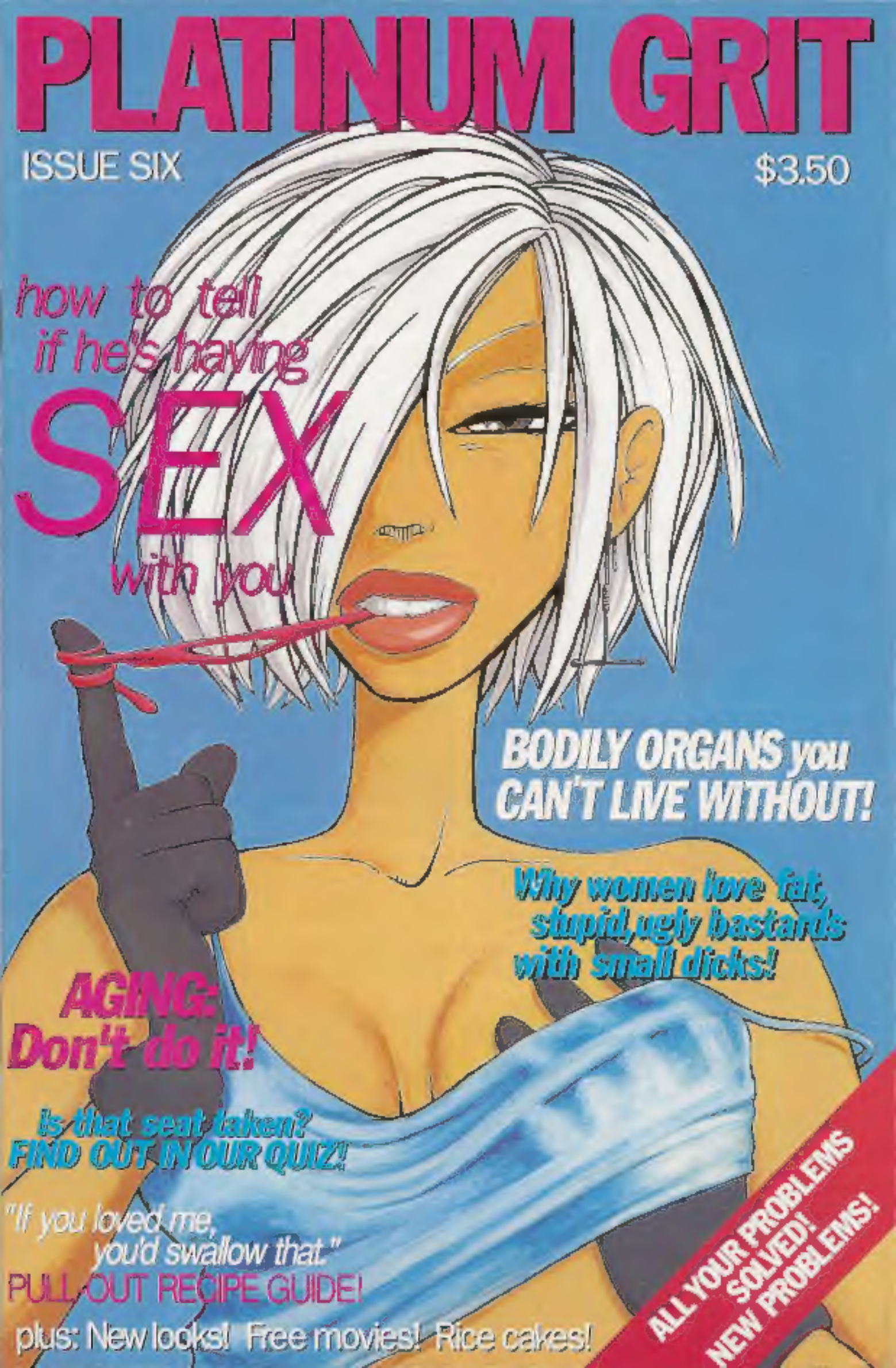
PLATINUM GRIT

ISSUE SIX

$3.50



how to tell if he's having SEX with you

BODILY ORGANS you CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT!

Why women love fat, stupid, ugly bastards with small dicks!

AGING: Don't do it!

Is that seat taken? FIND OUT IN OUR QUIZ!

"If you loved me, you'd swallow that."
PULL-OUT RECIPE GUIDE!

plus: New looks! Free movies! Rice cakes!

ALL YOUR PROBLEMS SOLVED! NEW PROBLEMS!

NOTES FOR HOLIDAY TRAVEL ISSUE : Greenland SUCKS. (Feature?)

THROW THAT OLD THING AWAY GRANDMA

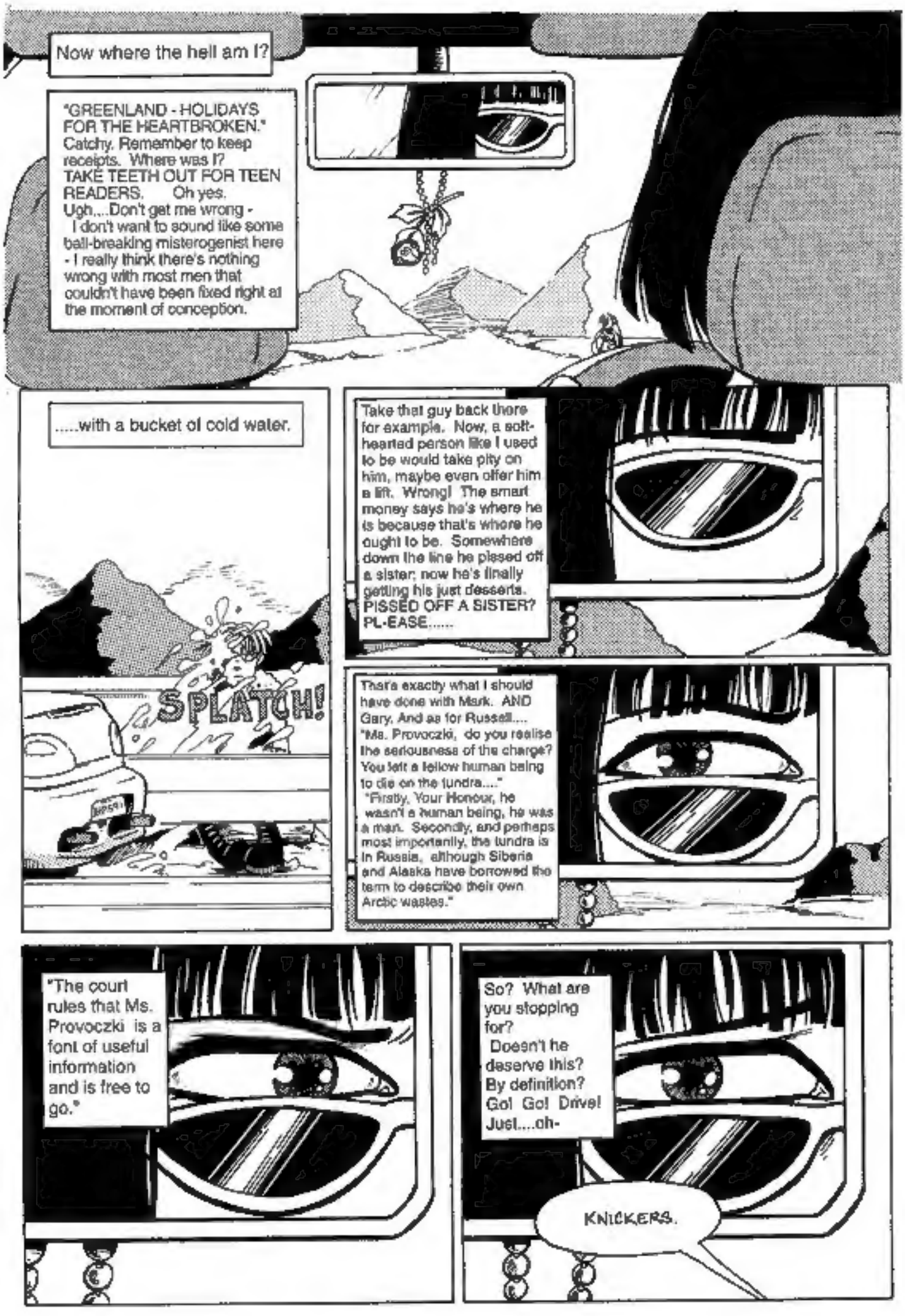
WELCOME TO

OPENING PARAS FOR RELATIONSHIP ARTICLE: Ladies and....other ladies. Here are three sure-fire ways to tell if you've had enough of a particular man in your life. All of them are personally road-tested by yours truly, and can be verified by qualified relationship experts. (Well, me and my mates.) There are lots more, of course, but hey - whose JOURNAL is this, anyway? (Article.)

Number One - the obvious biggie - is has he ever - and I mean EVER - hit you? Because really, that's enough on its own. But we're only human, and there are none so blind as those that cannot see, etc., SO.....

Number Two involves the moment you realise that he has no respect for you at all. Beyond that it's harder to pin down, more of a gut feeling, but believe me it's a feeling you start to recognise.

An example would be when you find yourself trying to justify things you didn't even do. By now (unless you've been reading this magazine your entire adult life - CUT FOR FINAL PROOF.) definite warning bells should be ringing.
Finally it starts to filter through your hormone-soaked consciousness that the reason he's been so busy keeping you on the back-foot is because he's been lying to you. All along. About everything. That's number three. And at that point, I'm sorry girls, three strikes, he's OUT.
O-U-T. Of the door, of the picture, of luck, (of Africa?) of your life. I'm serious - he's dropped. Do it. Go on.....I don't CARE how he looks in that singlet, and neither should you.
Really. If you're that desperate for a perve, go to the gym. Lots of them there. Stacks. (Packs/Pecs? Clumps? Sounds like Seaweed.) Of course, if you MET him at the gym, then God help you. - TRIM THIS; TOO PERSONAL. FUNNIER? SOMETHING ABOUT SPANIEL EYES? Remember girls- Sometimes even Not Being Gay just isn't enough.
So hit the road. I did. O.K, it feels weird.... But GOOD weird, you know what I mean?
Free at last. Time to grow my hair short and open that dyke bar. (OFFENSIVE? CHECK WITH CHERI.)


Now where the hell am I?
"GREENLAND - HOLIDAYS FOR THE HEARTBROKEN." Catchy. Remember to keep receipts. Where was I? TAKE TEETH OUT FOR TEEN READERS. Oh yes. Ugh,...Don't get me wrong - I don't want to sound like some ball-breaking misterogenist here - I really think there's nothing wrong with most men that couldn't have been fixed right at the moment of conception.
.....with a bucket of cold water.
SPLATCH!
Take that guy back there for example. Now, a soft-hearted person like I used to be would take pity on him, maybe even offer him a lift. Wrong! The smart money says he's where he is because that's where he ought to be. Somewhere down the line he pissed off a sister; now he's finally getting his just desserts. PISSED OFF A SISTER? PL-EASE.....
That's exactly what I should have done with Mark. AND Gary. And as for Russell.... "Ms. Provoczki, do you realise the seriousness of the charge? You left a fellow human being to die on the tundra...." "Firstly, Your Honour, he wasn't a human being, he was a man. Secondly, and perhaps most importantly, the tundra is in Russia, although Siberia and Alaska have borrowed the term to describe their own Arctic wastes."
"The court rules that Ms. Provoczki is a font of useful information and is free to go."
So? What are you stopping for? Doesn't he deserve this? By definition? Go! Go! Drive! Just....oh-
KNICKERS.

HI. WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
OH my GOD he's naked.
SPECIALS
WASN'T HE MAD? I WOULD HAVE BEEN MAD. I THINK. WASN'T HE?
HE STILL ASKED ME OUT.
WOW.
OK, MY TURN.
WHY DO YOU WANT TO KNOW SO MUCH... STUFF?
I JUST DO. ALWAYS HAVE. I ONLY BECAME A JOURNALIST SO I COULD GET PAID FOR IT.
.....ARE YOU WRITING SOMETHING ABOUT ME?

AS IF.
THE GUY: He's a loser. Nervy, dim, and about a foot taller than he thinks he is. (The army surplus hat - which he's UNNATURALLY attatched to - saves him from the less forgiving door-ways.) Weird accent that I can't quite place. He seems to understand English, but he can't string three words together without straining his brain. Absolutely NO sense of humour. On the plus side, he's got nice eyes, good skin, and doesn't smell. In a word - inoffensive.
THE GIRL: Well, she's me, isn't she? Gorgeous, sophistocated. Good driver. Hopefully there's some doubt in the readers' minds as to why she's hanging around with this dork.
First Impressions
HI. I'M PRESUMING YOU'D LIKE A LIFT.
KATE.... YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?
I GUESS NOT
Well this is good. I've opened my door to some crazed Nordic Naturist. Mother would be SO proud.
JUH.
JUH? GERONIMO? J'WANNA DANCE? JUDGE NOT LEST YE BE JUDGED ALSO? WHAT?

NN...
JUH.. NN. JUNE. YOU'VE BEEN OUT THERE SINCE JUNE.. I DON'T BELIEVE YOU.
NNN...
OH, DON'T DENY IT. YOU JUST LOITER NAKED IN SNOWDRIFTS TO TRICK FOOLISH TRUSTING GIRLS LIKE ME INTO LETTING YOU INTO THEIR CABS.
Careful K.P. You'll give him ideas.
GGGGGGGG.
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. LOOK, SINCE I'M OBVIOUSLY GOING TO BE DOING ALL THE TALKING —
— WHY DON'T I START WITH THE PERSONAL QUESTIONS? OK? GOOD.
IS THERE A REASON YOU'RE NAKED?
GHH - SSS - NNN - NO. IT'S WHAT NOT.... NOT WHAT YOU THINK.
WELL, THAT THAWED YOU OUT.

If I don't get canonised for this, there's something seriously wrong. I was worried about chilblains and things so I turned the heater off while he thawed out. End result - I'm freezing my tits off, and he's comatose.
'LO AGAIN. SO, WHO'S NILSON'?
WOW?
SHE PRETTY?
HOW'D... ..DID YOU.. ..WHUT...
YOU WERE DOING SOME PRETTY SERIOUS MUTTERING. SOUNDED SORT OF INTERESTING, BUT LUCKILY I'M MUCH TOO POLITE TO LISTEN.
UH...
IS SHE PRETTIER THAN ME?
YES.
WELL.

Personally I think St. Katrina has a nice ring to it. I wonder who you apply to? Anyway, before we could do anything else, we obviously needed to stop and get him some clothes.
CAN....COULD WE MAYBE....UM..STOP? AND I COULD...ERM...GET...FIND FIND SOME...THING TO WEAR?
WHY?
That was when I started to notice it.
OR...? ☆ OH. M-MAYBE...UM?
YOU WANT ME TO TURN UP THE HEATER?
For some reason he's not very good at being teased. Or even noticing that he IS being teased. Not meaning to be judgemental, but you'd think he'd be used to it. Instead, it just seems to miss him completely.
WE'LL GET YOU SOME CLOTHES.
THANK YOU.
This boy has been plagued by EXPERTS.
Fashion Shopping
I KNOW A PLACE NEAR HERE. SHOULD DO US.
IN GREENLAND?
WE'RE IN DENMARK. YOU SLEPT THROUGH GREENLAND.

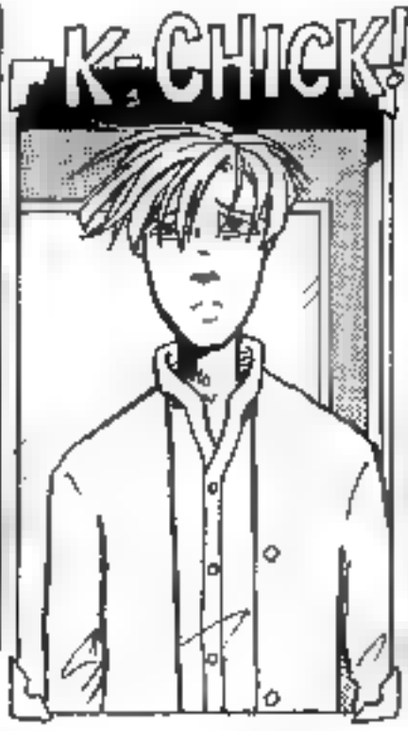
My plan for scoring some free kit revolved around duping a chicklette by the name of Courtney Verhoeven. I know a lot of my plans involve the use and abuse of my fluffier-brained sisters, but I want to make it clear it's not a gender thing - I just feel a need to punish the stupid. (My analyst says I'll get over it. Everyone else cheers.) I'd done a phone interview with this ditzoid last year. She spent the whole call saying "Filth", so I figured I had her pegged.

Luckily for C.V.'s C.V., success in the fashion industry isn't about brains. It's about making "Imaginative LEAPS." I know because Aaron Teppler told me thirteen times one night.
NO NAMES: HOW ABOUT A VERY DRUNK ACCOUNTS EXEC.? So when I presented Courtney with 'the new look', she had no trouble with the idea. "Ooh," she fawned. "Innocent sensuality." Or something like that. (Insert - "Fab!") Oddly enough, it was Jeremy who put up the resistence.

Of course he could be. A model, I mean. After all, he's got two of the three requirements: a vaguely symmetrical face and a complete absence of body-fat. Alas, the THIRD requisite seemed to be beyond him. And no, I'm not talking about chronic dimness. THAT he can manage.

But suddenly he was Mr. Cheerful. Who knows where it came from. I tried every depressing subject I could think of ... politics, late-night television, Bosnia, the environment.

But it wasn't going to work. Honestly, it would take an evil psychological genius to bring this guy down. Which gave me an idea.



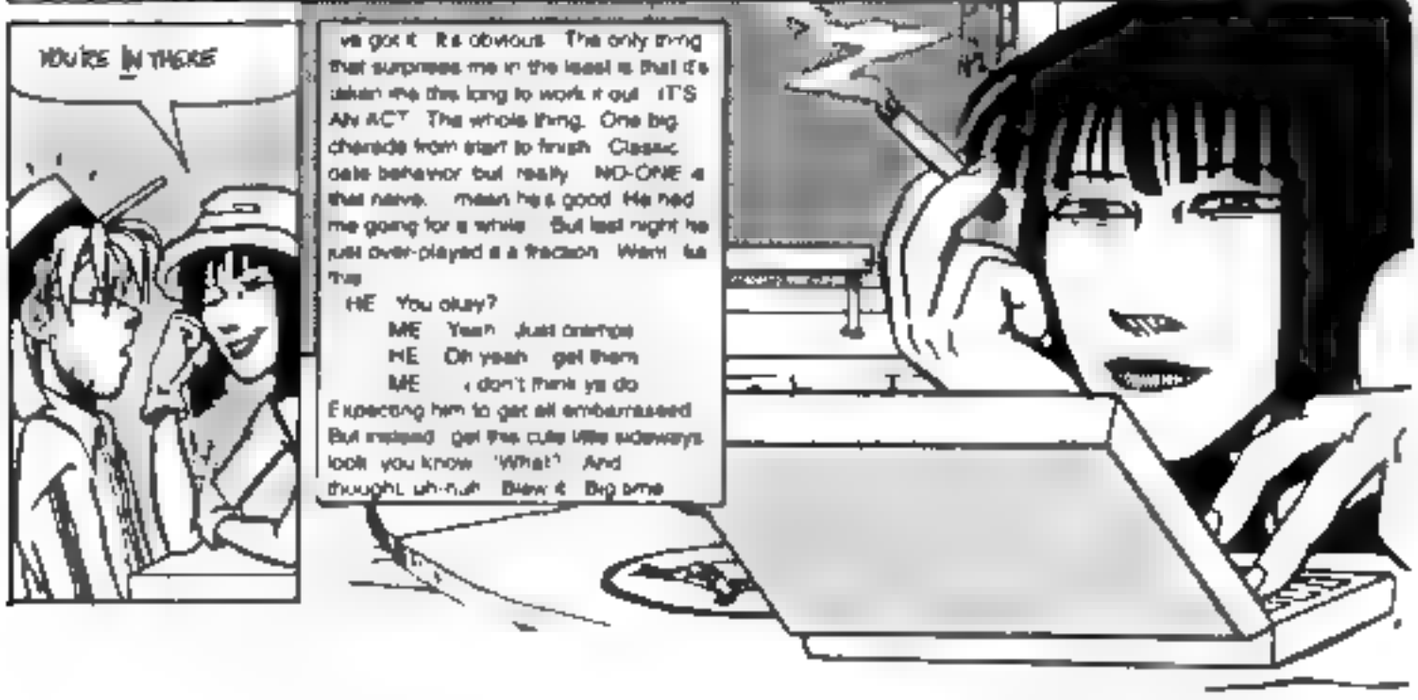
YOU'RE GETTING FAT! YES YOU ARE! YES YOU ARE! FATTY FATTY FATTY!
HE'S A PIG
...I KNOW
TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT "NILSON"
UH... I DON'T KNOW MEAN, SHE MIGHT FIND OUT
OH SHE WOULDN'T MIND
ONE TIME WHEN OPENED A LETTER ADDRESSED TO BOTH OF US SHE BURNT ALL OF MY CLOTHES
SHE DOESN'T GET A LOT OF MAIL?
NO SHE GETS STUFF ALL THE TIME SHE'S THE ONLY PERSON KNOW WHO GETS PERFUMED JUNK MAIL
WELL, WE'VE TALKED ABOUT EVERYTHING ELSE
I GUESS
WHAT IF YOU JUST TELL ME NICE THINGS ABOUT HER?
OKAY!
Oy

PROFILE SECOND DRAFT Jeremy MacConnor. O K., he's not the king of dorks that thought, Still He's. - what is he? He's hard to describe. (Oh yes, and when ARE the Pulitzer nominations this year?) But he is. Quick example his quazi-mysterious past
Mexico. Tijuana, in fact Tourist trap. Jeremy's thirsty
EL SECRETO DEL CORAZÓN
So we edge into a cantina on the wrong side of town. spot these guys -
HEY SEÑORITA!
And my first thought, embarassingly enough, is 'That's astute.' My second thought is steer clear' But what does Jeremy do?
I LIKE YOUR HATS
Everything goes very quiet. And I'm thinking, he's dead. Find yourself another hitch-hiker Provoczid. 'cos there won't be enough left of this one to fill a diet enchilada. I'm scrabbling surreptiously for my car keys when hear
BUENO!
Everyone's smiling. It's not pretty. Then I catch some hushed, respectful whisper about 'Senora Flora or something. Flowers? Margarine? More hushed voices.
And then

I'M GOT TO GO. I WON'T BE LONG. BUT YOU CAN'T COME.
EXCUSE ME?
THERE'S SOME THING I'VE GOT TO DO.
And he left. Now I was just about to DELVE, you know? Hit him with the probing questions like 'what sort of something?' and 'I BEG your pardon?' As it was, I didn't even get time for an incisive 'huh?' before he was a cloud of brown dust on the horizon. What is it about men and big hats?
I asked the barman where I could get petrol, but suddenly no-one spoke english anymore. The town was silent. The wind was whistling the theme from The Good, The Bad and The Ugly.
Probably I should have been scared at that point, but it was right about then that they served up the lunch of the gods. Mexican mouth-bliss. Seriously, I am never going to eat that well again. Everyone was smiling, being very pleasant and strangely genuine to gringo Kate, obviously wanting me to wait.
So I thought, alright, I'll give him an hour while I digest.
He was gone for four days.
I bought new clothes.
And after all that, after I blew at least eight months of gym fees waiting for him, the bastard wouldn't tell me a bloody thing. Why not? Because, he said, it was "El Secreto Del Corazon" - a secret of the heart - and his silence was a matter of personal honour and great trust and faith and
or he'd been slamming mescal non-stop and didn't actually remember much of it.
WHY AREN'T YOU DEAD?
I DUNNO. AT UNI I STARTED TO THINK I HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH HAVOC AND TEAR VARIETIES
AND I WAS ALWAYS CRAP AT BIOLOGY
looked it up at the next Hotel. Ha.

BUT THAT WAS OKAY BECAUSE NILS TALKED TO THE OTHER PASSENGERS AND THEY ALL AGREED NOT TO TELL. EVEN HIS SISTER, AND SHE WAS PRETTY UPSET NILS HAD TO TALK TO HER FOR AGES
KNOW HOW SHE FELT
DO YOU WANT ANOTHER COFFEE?
BUT WE DON'T DO TOURS ANYMORE. WELL, YOU KNOW, AFTER A WHILE WE GOT A BIT TIRED OF IT ALL, AND THEN NILS HELPED ME WHERE IT THE CASTLE, SO NOW WE JUST BUM AROUND.
I'LL GET IT

TWO PLEASE!
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
TWO PLEASE?
DO I KNOW YOU?
WE'RE JUST PASSING THROUGH


YOU'RE IN THERE
ve got it. It's obvious. The only thing that surprises me in the least is that it's taken me this long to work it out. IT'S AN ACT. The whole thing. One big charade from start to finish. Classic oafs behavior but really. NO-ONE is that naive. mean he's good. He had me going for a while. But last night he just over-played it a fraction. Went too far.
HE: You okay?
ME: Yeah. Just cramps.
HE: Oh yeah. get them.
ME: don't think ya do.
Expecting him to get all embarrassed. But instead. got the cute little sideways look. you know. 'What?' And thought. uh-huh. Blew it. Big time.

I haven't fat on yet though. 'Cos now the plot thickens, and my faithful readers start to realise what the kindly and insightful Katrina has obviously seen all along. Which is... BETTER BE GOOD. He's a serial killer. WHAT? He's gay. Nils is a man. ALL EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY. No wait, got it... It's not a reveal yet, it's a question. And the question is... if he's going to this much trouble to hide what he's really like, what the hell ELSE is he hiding?
GOOD. THAT'LL HOLD 'EM.
CAN I PUT THE BUBBLES ON?
PLEASE.
Now just have to wait for him to make his first oh-so-innocent move. Where else but in the spa?
CHWRRRSSSSHHHH
SNAP
Yep. This is it. I guess I was hoping for something more original, but no.
...a bit of splashing around, all good fun, then some accidental body contact...
HEY!
I didn't think he'd move THAT fast
BURRK.

NO
HE LIKES THE BUBBLES!
NO PIGS IN THE SPA
NO!
How does he do that? I'm all braced and ready to fend off his advances and instead end up feeling like a grown-up. For the record, he did NOT attempt even the slightest suspicion of a move all night. Maybe there's something wrong with me. Or maybe I'm so used to trying to get men to loosen up it took me by surprise to realise I was the uptight one. That's easy to fix, though. If I want him to get tense, just have to say "Nilson." And then.... Is it my imagination or does he always try to change the subject?
ELEVEN THOUSAND SIX-HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVEN
FOUR
FAWR'TAISE
HAH! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO WIN!
DAMN
THE COMING OF ARTHUR

Case in point. We were somewhere in the Pellagra- fields of Arkansas, or Alabama, or one of the A's, anyway. The last signpost had said something like 'Pooterville' and I was delving.

We recite our numbers, and head outside Pooterville's going crazy Rides. pie-eating, shoot-a-stuffed-animal-and-win-a-tin-duck games. all very festive, but somehow don't think the Tourist-Board in Rio are going to be losing any sleep. KEEP IT MOVING Before long we're swept up by the crowd, who at least seem to know where they're going, even if they don't know how to meet breeding partners outside their own families. Finally we end up in front of a wooden stand suffering from a virulent outbreak of rosettes. TOO TECHNICAL? INFLAMED PAPER SORES? Someone who shouldn't have looked that much like Don Knotts leans out through the buboes and yells: "Eleven Thousand, six-hundred and thirty-seven!"

ALL THESE PIGS ARE MINE!
SQUEEE
Pig Lotto. I don't know why I hadn't heard of it
ISN'T HE CUTE? LITTLE PIGGY! PIGGY PIGGY PIGGY! HELLO PIGGY! LOOK HE'S BLINKING! LOOK LOOK
WILL YOU SHUT UP? I DON'T THINK WE'VE LOST THEM ALL YET
OOOH· DON'T TALK TO KATRINA PIGGY- SHE'S DRIVING! PROMISE? PROMISE YOU WON'T TALK THAT'S RIGHT! THAT'S RIGHT!
Ever save someone from certain death at the hands of enraged inbred southerners and then change your mind?
I'M GOING TO CALL HIM BOOBY NO, CONSOLAT ON NO. KANTHIPPLE
FOR GOD'S SAKE, CALL HIM ARTHUR
ARTHUR! ARTHUR THAT'S WHO YOU ARE! YES YOU ARE! YES YOU ARE!
I've got to get some new car-seat covers
AND THEN HE SAID, WAIT FOR IT HE SAID "I KNEW YOU WERE HUNG UPON ME AND ONLY SAID THAT SO YOU WOULDN'T GET HURT"
WOW.
I KNOW.
DDT

THAT IS SUCH A GOOD THING TO SAY

JEREMY? IT'S NOT A GOOD THING TO SAY.

OKAY
WE SHOULD BE MOVING SOON DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR COFFEES?
I'LL GET THEM

He just doesn't get the hint. We're almost home. Anytime now we'll be catching up with Nilson, and need ammunition.

But all we seem to talk about is ME. LESSON HERE SOMEWHERE
At least I'm getting my article out of it

No that's unfair I'm not saying haven't had a good time

But there are some things I just HAVE to find out.
SO SHE'S NOT YOUR GIRL-FRIEND
NO

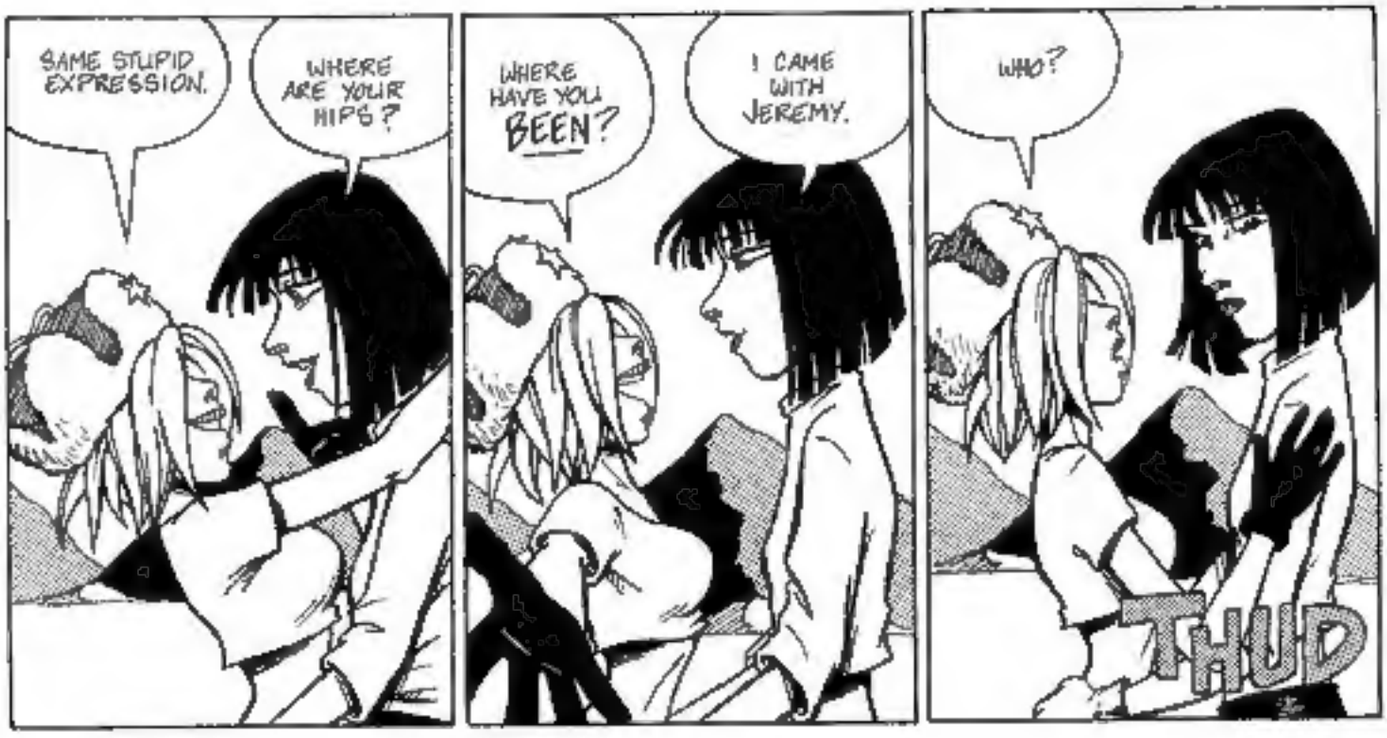
BUT YOU DO LIVE TOGETHER
YES DIFFERENT ROOMS

AND YOU DID TRAVEL TO GREENLAND TOGETHER
WE DIDN'T WANT TO.
OKAY, LET'S LOOK AT THIS YOU'RE SAYING YOU WERE FORCED, AGAINST YOUR WILL, TO TRAVEL TO GREENLAND IN THE COMPANY OF THE WOMAN YOU LIVE WITH, BUT WHO AIN'T YOUR GIRLFRIEND
..YES
DO TELL
KITCHEN CLOSED
And he did.
Actually, it makes sense of a few things. Sort of. Like when I first picked him up, said "I like your hair, who did it?" And he said, "Aliens"
SO WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MESSAGE? WON'T IT JUST KEEP RADIATING OUT INTO SPACE?
I GUESS.
JEREMY LACHLAN MACCONNOR?
OH, PISS OFF
ONLY THE INVERSE SQUARE LAW CAN SAVE ME NOW.
HMMM
And the scary thing is, I believe him. I know I've never had MY hair cut that well by a human. What I don't know is, why the act. I'm convinced he's still hiding something. ..but then so am I

SO YOUR UNCLE ANGUS JUST WHAT? VANISHED?
WHAT ABOUT HER?
YES, SHE'S ONE...
Amsterdam
AND THAT ONE?
SHE'S A PROSTITUTE TOO
HOW CAN YOU TELL?
THEY'RE ALL PROSTITUTES, JEREMY
REALLY? NOT THE ONE IN THE WINDOW -!
ALL OF THEM
LOOK ARTHUR - THAT LADY WILL HAVE SEX WITH ANYONE!
AND YOUR AUNT LOOKED AFTER YOU UNTIL YOU WENT TO UNI?
WOW!
JEREMY?
WHAT DO THEY DO ALL DAY?
IT'S A MYSTERY, ISN'T IT?

I MEAN, I KNOW THEY HAVE SEX ..... BUT WHAT DO THEY DO DURING THE DAY? ....CAN WE ASK ONE?
Oh my God.
EXCUSE ME?
It's not an act.
Forget the article. This guy's getting a book.
SLAM!
LOCH SNUFF
NO JUNK MAIL
Great party. Where were you?
Castl MacConnon
nae tourists.

NILS?
JEREMY.
"NILSON?"
KATE!!
SIN!


SAME STUPID EXPRESSION.
WHERE ARE YOUR HIPS?
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
I CAME WITH JEREMY.
WHO?
THUD

JEREMY?
BORRK?
I guess I should have told him.